



It Wasn't



👁 38 ✓ 1 ⭐ 5

Chapter 1 by fytyt

It wasn't her fault. It was never her fault. It wasn't her fault when the stupid deer ran into the street, it wasn't her fault when the car swerved off the road, it wasn't her fault as she allowed the dark looming figure of Death bend towards the small child who was barely moving. She did nothing as Death's cold hand reached down to caress the child's face pulling out the scared figure of a fragile child's soul. Death took the child by the hand, whispering calming nothings to the weeping child as they walked down the lonely mountain road away from the crash, never looking back once.

Chapter 2 by fytyt



"Death is not a cruel deity. He is fair and just. His pale hands give living souls a winter chill, but to lost souls that require guidance, his hands are the warmth of the fireplace beckoning you home. Death's face is not twisted and withered like you would expect, it is beautiful and serene. His face is-' and then it goes on for," Marie flipped through my note book, "like 6 pages describing how hot you think Death is. Jeez, girl, get a hold of yourself."

I blushed, "That is not what I'm doing! I'm just making observations for a project."

"Does this project have to do with Death's hot ass? Because there is a whole half a page devoted to waxed poetry about that."

"OH MY GOSH, MARIE, I SWEAR-"

"Look, I'm not going to say anything to anyone. It just explains why you like hanging around cemeteries and shit. How do you even know so much about him anyway? Isn't he some deity that most people never come in contact with until their end time?"

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Well, yes. And a nice

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handsome!"

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"What? No! That's creepy. I'm just at the right place at the right time" Marie raised an eyebrow at me.

"You are literally in love with Death, a deity that has been living longer than my grandpa, and you don't think that's creepy?"

"I am not in love with him."

"Oh really? Then just who are you in love with?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't answer. It wasn't proper to just blurt out 'You and all of your stupid ideas and stupid pretty face and stupid pink lips I just want to kiss all the time and you stupid beautiful hair and your stupid headstrong personality that is 100% compatible with my soft-spoken down-to-earth thing I'm trying at here and just all of you!' (and then possibly sharing a kiss if there is time). I couldn't do that. Not to her. Not to me. And mostly because it's dumb and I haven't written enough wax poetry for her yet.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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